

The Haverford School Song Sheet

NO. 1

O LORD OUR GOD, THY MIGHTY HAND

O Lord our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee;
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

The strength of every state increase
In union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend.

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend.

Though all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of goodwill;
And may Thy sweet and saving name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend.—Amen.

NO. 2

SCHOOL SONG

Shouting, cheering, singing as we go,
We raise our jolly, jolly song victori-
ous;
And so although we hate to beat you so,
We're going to win a victory glorious,
glorious.
On the field our team can never yield,
In fair or stormy weather.
Shout the name Haverford!
Once again, Haverford!
Haverford, we cry forever!

NO. 3

O HAVERFORD, DEAR HAVERFORD!

O Haverford, dear Haverford,
Thou guide of tender days,
To thee within these honored walls
We lift our hymn of praise.
Here on the threshold of our years,
With all the future free,
Our virgin hearts and powers we bring
And dedicate to thee.

Upon thy fields, within thy halls,
Full oft in eager round,
We struggle for the olive wreath,
And for the laureate crown;
With muscle tense, and mind alert,
We join the ardent strife,
And learn in mimic rivalry
The nobler game of life.

And in life's game, dear Haverford,
Whate'er the prize may be,
May other motives ne'er control
Than we have learned from thee;
To strive with every honest power;
To win, if win we may;
And if we lose, yet from defeat
To pluck the victory.

To play with joyous, eager hearts,
To work, with honest zeal,
And at the altar of our God
In reverent faith to kneel—
To work, and play, and pray alway,
Where'er our lot be cast—
This rule of life, dear Haverford,
Shall guide us to the last.

O Haverford, dear Haverford,
Where'er we chance to roam,
Our thoughts in memory's fond embrace,
Shall ever turn to home;
When o'er us roll the storms of life—
Temptations round us hail—
Thy precepts, changeless as the stars,
Shall steer us through the gale.

And when, at last, dear Haverford,
The School of Life is o'er;
Our earthly lessons all are said,
And death has closed the door—
When to the Greater School above
Our souls the Master calls,
We'll worship Him we learn to love
Within these blessed walls.

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

God of our fathers, whose almighty
hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry
band
Of shining worlds in splendor through
the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne
arise.

Thy love Divine hath led us in the past;
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide,
and Stay;
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen
way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pesti-
lence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure de-
fence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in
peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome
way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace
Divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever
Thine.

NO. 5

FROM AGE TO AGE THEY
GATHER

From age to age they gather, all the
brave of heart and strong;
In the strife of truth with error, of the
right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can
hear their triumph song;

The truth! the truth is marching on!

"In this sign we conquer," 'tis the
symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love tri-
umphant over death;
"He finds his life who loseth it" for
evermore it saith;

The right, the right is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with
thee is victory;
Shine forth. O stars and reddening
dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with
joy our eyes shall see;
Our God, our God is marching on!

PRAISE YE THE FATHER

Praise ye the Father, O praise Him for
His mighty acts!
Praise ye the Father, in greatness ever
excellent!
Bow at His altar, whose glory fills the
firmament;
Praise him with trumpet, with timbrel,
harp and psaltery.

I will give thanks to the Lord with my
whole heart,
I will show forth, will show forth all
the marvels of His glory!
I will be glad, ever in His power exult-
ing,
His name will I laud in joyous song and
ceaseless adoration.

Praise Him from the heavens, all ye
hosts of angels, praise Him!
Praise Him from the earth below, all
rulers your homage pay.
Praise Him, O ye sun and moon, Praise
Him, praise Him, all ye stars of
light,
Yea, let everything that liveth praise the
Lord,
O praise, praise His name.

NO. 7

NATURE'S ADORATION

The heav'ns with praise to the Lord are
abounding,

His name to bear afar they rejoice;
The earth, the sea to his honor is sound-
ing,

Give ear, oh man, to Nature's voice.
The stars above us, who is it upholdeth?
Who leadeth from his tent the sun?
He cometh laughing, his glory unfoldeth,
A giant strong his race to run,
A giant strong his race to run.

The mountains praise Him and show
forth His glory,

The mighty seas His wisdom declare;
The hills and vales tell the wonderful
story,

The golden grain, the flowers fair.
O man, O man, join the chorus around
you,

Praise Him to whom all praise belongs,
To Him be glory, dominion forever,
Whose wondrous works inspire our
songs,
Whose wondrous works inspire our
songs.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN

The moonbeams bright have hid their light,
The wind is riding by;
From night till morn he blows his horn,
The trembling aspens sigh;
His piercing eyes we cannot see,
Nor yet his giant form;
But sharp and clear his voice we hear
Resounding thro' the storm:
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
He laughs aloud, and sweeps the cloud
Across the midnight sky,
He laughs aloud, and sweeps the cloud
Across the midnight sky.
Ho-la!

Now louder still, across the hill,
The Phantom Horseman hear,
The sailors say, within the bay,
The winter gale is near.
With pace so fast he's riding past,
The trees before him bow,
He cracks his whip, the gallant ship
Thro' angry waves will plough.
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
He cracks his whip, the gallant ship
Thro' angry waves will plough,
He cracks his whip, the gallant ship
Thro' angry waves will plough.
Ho-la!

With flying feet the Horseman fleet
Rides on, o'er moor and lea,
But children sleep and angels keep
Their vigils glad and free.
O wind, dash on till night is gone,
And merry sunbeams play;
To us you bring the smiling spring,
The bright and tuneful day.
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la!
(O hark, while the wind rides by!)
To us you bring the smiling spring,
The bright and tuneful day,
To us you bring the smiling spring,
The bright and tuneful day.
Ho-la!

OUT ON THE DEEP

Out on the deep when the sun is low,
And the sea with splendor burns;
With his scaly spoil from his evening toil,
The fisher homeward turns;
And his oars flash bright in the ocean light,
And he knows that eyes on shore
Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep;
And he sings as he swings his oar:
"A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys,
And a song, as along we go.
For the hearts that yearn for our home return,
When the ev'ning sun is low,
When the ev'ning sun is low.

Out on the deep when the sun is dead,
And the first sweet star doth gleam;
Of a day that is dead, and a love that's fled,
The fisher oft will dream;
And he thinks, tho' far like that first bright star,
She is still beside, as of yore,
And his oars gleam bright, in its sweet, pale light,
And he sings as he plies his oar:
"A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys,
And a song, as along we go.
For the star of love, that is bright above,
And its gleam in the wave below,
And its gleam in the wave below."

NO. 8

FOREFATHERS' HYMN

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
woods rang
To the anthem of the free,
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's
foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there
they found—
Freedom to worship God.

NO. 9

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies, for am-
ber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties, above
the fruited plain;
America! America! God shed His grace
on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
from sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern,
impassion'd stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across
the wilderness,
America! America! God mend thine
every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy
liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved in lib-
erating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
and mercy more than life.
America! America! May God thy gold
refine,
Till all success be nobleness and ev'ry
gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees
beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimm'd
by human tears;
America! America! God shed His grace
on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
from sea to shining sea.

NO. 10

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness
thereof; the world, and they that
dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas,
and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the
Lord? or who shall stand in his
holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure
heart; who hath not lifted up his
soul unto vanity, nor sworn de-
ceitfully, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive, shall receive the bless-
ing from the Lord,

And righteousness, and righteousness
from the God of his salvation.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, lift up
your heads, O ye gates, and be ye
lift up, ye everlasting doors; and
the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? who is this
King of Glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord
mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, lift up
your heads, O ye gates, and be ye
lift up, ye everlasting doors, and
the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? who is this
King of Glory?

The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, he
is the King of Glory;

The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, he
is the King of Glory.

NO. 11
THE PALMS

O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,
Are strewn this day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes, to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare.

CHORUS—

Join all and sing, His name declare,
Let ev'ry voice resound with acclamation,

Hosanna! praised be the Lord!
Bless Him, who cometh to bring us salvation!

His word goes forth, and people by its might

Once more their freedom gain from degradation,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the light.

CHORUS—

Sing and rejoice, O blest Jerusalem,
Of all thy sons sing the emancipation,
Thro' boundless love, the Christ of Bethlehem
Brings faith and hope to thee for evermore.

NO. 12

We offer all our strength and skill
To Haverford, our Haverford;
And she may use them as she will
For Haverford, our Haverford;
Defeat may come, but not despair:
We'll play the game and play it square,
Undaunted, ever do and dare
For Haverford, our Haverford.

We gladly face a worthy foe,
For Haverford, our Haverford,
Not one who dreads quick overthrow
By Haverford, our Haverford.
No easy conquest we desire:
May they, as well as we, aspire,
And each the other's deeds admire
At Haverford, our Haverford.

Today we shall have done our best
For Haverford, our Haverford.
Tomorrow brings another test
To Haverford, our Haverford.
Our former prowess put to shame,
Fresh laurels and a nobler name
We'll win if we but play the game
For Haverford, our Haverford.

NO. 13
RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers known of old;
Lord of our far-flung battle-line;
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!
If, drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe;
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

NO. 14
A PRAYER

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson.